Nothing to resolve

When searching no longer helps

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Foreword

This book was not written to explain anything. It does not provide answers, open up new paths or suggest ways of living.

It was born out of a simple observation: many people are tired. Not just physically or even psychologically tired, but tired of carrying their lives like a project to be successful.

Tired of having to understand. Tired of having to evolve. Tired of having to become someone more peaceful, more conscious, more accomplished.

This text does not seek to divert from this fatigue, nor to transform it. It simply looks at it, without treating it as a problem.

It talks about fear, happiness, the search for meaning, not to resolve them, but to let them appear as they are experienced, in the ordinary course of existence.

These pages can be read in one go, or closed at any time. There is nothing to remember, nothing to apply, nothing to check.

If something resonates, there is no need to follow up. If nothing resonates, there is nothing to look for.

This book is not a passage. It is not a beginning. It is not a conclusion.

It simply accompanies, for a moment, what is already there.

And then life goes on.

Fear is already there

Fear does not always come as an identifiable emotion. It does not necessarily manifest itself as anxiety, panic or specific worry.

Often, it is more discreet.

It is there in the way you get up in the morning. In the way you anticipate the day. In that slight underlying tension that accompanies the simplest of gestures.

Fear is there when you have to make a decision, even about ordinary things. When one thought tells you that you have to choose correctly. When another adds that you mustn't make a mistake.

It is there in the need to plan ahead. In the habit of projecting yourself. In the feeling that it's better to be prepared, just in case.

Fear is not always linked to something specific. It does not necessarily have a clear object.

It can be there even when everything is going rather well.

It creeps into the idea that you have to play it safe. Play it safe in your life. Play it safe in your choices. Play it safe in your future.

Sometimes it manifests itself in a socially acceptable form: caution, responsibility, seriousness, a desire to do well.

None of this is problematic in itself. And yet, something feels tense.

There is often this feeling that a certain balance must be maintained. Don't let go too much. Don't lose control too much.

As if something inside must remain vigilant.

Fear is also present in our relationship with time.

In the feeling that it is passing quickly. Or that it is passing badly. Or that we should be doing something with it.

It is there when a day seems “wasted”. When nothing in particular has been accomplished. When there is not much to talk about.

This is when the mind becomes active. It seeks to justify. To give value. To explain why this time has not been wasted.

This activity is not insignificant. It is a way of reassuring oneself.

Fear is present when one needs to give meaning. When one needs what one experiences to correspond to something.

It is present in the idea that life should have a direction. A coherence. A progression.

Even those who say they expect nothing sometimes feel this pressure. It is subtle. Almost invisible.

It does not always say ‘I am afraid’. Rather, it says: *I should*, *I ought to*, *this is not enough*.

Fear is there in the need to be reassured about who we are. About what we are worth. About what we are becoming.

It can hide behind the desire to be happy. Or behind the desire to be at peace. Or behind the quest for understanding.

It then takes on more noble forms. More acceptable forms. But the tension remains.

Deep down, there is this feeling that there is something to preserve. Something to maintain. Something that could be lost.

Without always knowing what.

Fear is already there before any reflection on death. Before any idea of the end. Before any metaphysical question.

It is there as soon as life is experienced as something that rests on oneself.

As soon as there is the impression that one must hold on. Hold on tight. Hold out. Hold one's ground.

None of this is pathological. Nothing needs to be corrected.

It is simply a matter of noticing that this fear is not an accident. It is not a personal flaw. It is not a weakness.

It is already there, integrated into the ordinary way of living.

Recognising it in this way does not make it disappear. But it may cease to be a problem to be solved.

And sometimes that is enough for something to loosen, without effort.

Living to be happy

It is rare for someone to say clearly that they live to be happy. The phrase seems naive, almost childish.

And yet it is often there, in the background.

In the choices we make. In the sacrifices we accept. In the compromises we justify.

Being happy becomes a silent reference point. Not always as a joyful expectation, but as a necessity.

It is not necessarily about seeking intense joy. Often, it is simply about not feeling too bad. About staying afloat. About maintaining a certain balance.

Happiness then takes on modest forms. A little calm. A little security. A little recognition.

Nothing excessive.

But even so, something becomes tense.

Because as soon as happiness becomes a condition, life begins to be evaluated.

Moments are compared. Situations are classified. Periods are judged.

It's okay. It's not okay. It could be better.

Happiness becomes a criterion.

It allows us to measure whether we are on the right track. Whether we have made the right choices. Whether we are moving in the right direction.

And when this criterion is not met, anxiety arises.

Not always outright sadness. Rather, a vague feeling of something missing.

Something is not yet there. Or is no longer there. Or was never really there.

So the mind springs into action.

It seeks to understand what is preventing happiness. It examines the circumstances. It analyses relationships. It questions the past. It anticipates changes.

This activity can be very subtle. Very reasonable. Very well argued.

But it is based on a simple assumption: happiness depends on something that needs to be adjusted.

A situation. An attitude. An understanding. An inner state. Life then becomes a discreet work in progress. Something to improve. To rebalance. To optimise.

Even when we are no longer seeking “absolute” happiness, there often remains this minimal expectation: that things will go more or less well.

This expectation seems legitimate. It is.

But it also instils a permanent vigilance.

Being attentive to what could cause trouble. Avoiding what could cause suffering. Correcting what threatens balance.

Living to be happy does not always resemble an exalted quest. It often resembles the careful management of existence.

And this management is tiring.

It is tiring because it assumes that there is something to maintain. Something to protect. Something that could be lost.

Happiness, in this context, is no longer an experience. It becomes a responsibility.

We must ensure that it lasts. Or that it returns. Or that it does not stray too far.

This pressure is not always conscious. It is integrated into our way of life.

We may say that we are not looking for anything, while remaining inwardly tense at the idea of not being happy.

We may say that we accept life as it is, while secretly hoping that it will become a little sweeter.

There is nothing wrong with that. Nothing to denounce.

It is simply a matter of seeing that living to be happy is not always a joyful pursuit.

It is often a way of reassuring oneself. An attempt to stabilise something.

And as long as this expectation exists, fear can continue to circulate quietly, in more pleasant forms.

Seeing this does not change anything on the surface. Life goes on. So do desires. So do impulses.

But sometimes, recognising that happiness has become a duty is enough to ease the effort a little.

Without giving up joy. Without despising pleasant moments.

Just by letting go of the idea that we should live to be happy.

When searching becomes exhausting

Searching is not always experienced as agitation. It can be calm. Discreet. Almost reasonable.

Seeking to understand what is wrong. Seeking to improve what could be improved. Seeking to avoid repeating the same mistakes.

This search can give the impression of moving forward. Of not remaining passive. Of taking control of one's life.

And for a while, it seems necessary.

There are questions to ask. Adjustments to make. Useful realisations to be had.

But little by little, something wears you down.

Not necessarily all at once. More like gradual attrition.

The search becomes permanent. It never really stops.

Even in quiet moments, there is this underlying activity: *What does this say about me? What haven't I seen yet? What should I understand?*

Searching becomes a posture.

It is no longer just a matter of solving a specific problem, but of being ready to discover another one.

This vigilance is exhausting.

It gives the impression that there is always something to do internally. Something to rectify. Something to clarify.

Even rest becomes suspect. Even silence calls for interpretation.

When nothing happens, the mind wonders why.

When a difficulty disappears, it wonders when the next one will arrive.

Seeking can then take more subtle forms.

Seeking to be more present. Seeking to be more aligned. Seeking to be more true.

The search becomes more refined, but the effort remains the same.

There is always this idea that something is missing. That what has been experienced is not yet enough. Not yet right.

At this stage, fatigue is no longer just related to life circumstances. It is related to the constant effort to understand oneself.

A particular kind of fatigue sets in. It is neither physical nor emotional in the usual sense.

It is the fatigue of introspection.

One may have understood a great deal, worked hard on oneself, explored a great deal.

And yet feel heavier than before.

Not because the search has failed, but because it has no visible end.

Then a very simple moment arrives.

Not a revelation. Not a spectacular breakthrough.

Just weariness.

An inner thought, sometimes barely formulated: *I can't take any more searching.*

This thought is not a conclusion. It is not a decision.

It simply marks a point where the effort can no longer continue in the same way.

The search becomes too costly.

Not because the truth has been reached, but because the energy for the quest is exhausted.

At this point, many feel like failures. They think they have missed something. Or that they have not gone far enough.

But this fatigue is not necessarily a problem.

It may simply indicate that the search, as it was conducted, can no longer be sustained.

There is nothing to be done about it.

Neither persevere at all costs, nor give up dramatically.

Just recognise that searching has become burdensome.

And sometimes, without a conscious decision, something relaxes.

The search does not stop by willpower. It stops due to lack of energy.

And in this slowdown, there is not necessarily an answer.

There is just a little less effort.

And that, for a time, may be enough.

Even spirituality tires

There comes a time when the search changes language. It no longer speaks of success, or balance, or even happiness.

It speaks of awareness. Of presence. Of liberation.

The quest becomes spiritual.

It can start simply. A book. An encounter. An intuition that the problem is not only in the circumstances, but in the way we live our lives.

For many, this is a relief.

There are not only things to fix in life, but something to see more deeply.

Spirituality opens up a space. It seems to offer a broader perspective. Less personal. Less focused on individual history.

For a while, this is soothing.

Difficulties take on a different meaning. Suffering becomes a signal. Emotions are observed rather than fought.

But little by little, something familiar reappears.

Effort.

It is more discreet. More refined. But it is there.

One should be more present. More aware. Less identified. Less caught up in the ego.

The search has not disappeared. It has changed its object. It is no longer about improving one's life, but about improving one's relationship to life.

It is no longer about being happy, but about being awake, or aligned, or internally free.

These words vary, but the structure remains the same.

There is always someone seeking to achieve something. Even if that something is presented as the absence of someone.

This contradiction is rarely seen at the time. It is subtle. Almost elegant.

Spirituality can then become demanding.

Observing one's thoughts. Monitoring one's reactions. Questioning one's attachments. Uncovering the ego in its most subtle forms.

Even rest is examined. Even silence is interpreted. Even peace becomes suspect if it is not ‘deep’.

Fatigue returns.

Not a gross fatigue. An inner, muffled fatigue.

The feeling that one must always be vigilant. Not fall back. Not identify. Not let oneself be taken over again.

Some people realise this. Others persevere.

They accumulate teachings. Retreats. Practices. Understandings.

And yet, something still feels tense.

At this stage, spirituality no longer liberates. It maintains.

Not out of malice, but because it is driven by the same silent belief: that there is something to be achieved.

When this fatigue appears, it is often misunderstood.

We think we lack discipline. Or sincerity. Or perseverance.

We blame ourselves for not seeing it through.

But this fatigue is not a spiritual failure.

It may simply be a sign that even the most noble quest cannot replace what is already there.

There is nothing to reject in spirituality. Nothing to condemn.

It has its place. It has its role.

But it does not escape wear and tear as soon as it becomes a project driven by an inner centre.

Seeing this gives no advantage. Offers no superiority.

It can even leave a void.

If spirituality tires us, what remains?

This question does not call for an immediate answer.

It can remain open.

And sometimes, in this not knowing, something finally stops wanting to go further.

The moment when we can no longer continue

There is not always a specific event. Not necessarily a crisis. Not necessarily a collapse.

Sometimes it is much simpler.

One morning, the effort does not start again. The usual motivation no longer responds. What had been driving you until then remains silent.

There is no clear decision. No one says, "*I'm stopping*". There is just this feeling: "*I can't go on as before*".

This moment is often subtle. It is not immediately noticeable.

Life goes on externally. The actions are there. So are the obligations.

But internally, something has stopped.

Not an understanding. Not a certainty.

An energy.

The energy that sustained the search. The effort to understand. The will to move forward.

This energy did not withdraw by choice. It simply ran out.

For a long time, continuing seemed obvious. Even if it was difficult, it was a given.

And then, it is no longer a given.

There may be a sense of confusion. A feeling of uncertainty. As if an engine had cut out without warning.

What to do now, if we no longer search, if we no longer move forward,

if we no longer pursue anything?

This question can be worrying.

It can give the impression of retreating.

Of getting lost.

Of remaining in limbo.

But this moment is not necessarily a fall.

Nor is it an achievement.

It is simply the point where the effort is no longer justified.

Continuing to search would require energy that is no longer there. And pretending to continue becomes too burdensome.

At this point, many try to restart the machine. Out of habit. Out of fear of the void.

They force themselves to start again. To reread. To practise. To understand again.

But something resists.

Not through opposition, but through absence.

There is no longer any momentum to go anywhere.

This moment is often misinterpreted. We see it as a blockage. A regression. A loss of meaning.

We try to give it a name. A status.

But it is none of these things.

It is simply the point where the quest is no longer sustainable.

Nothing is clear at this point. And nothing needs to be.

There may be naked fatigue. No comment. No plans.

A fatigue that does not need to be overcome.

Just recognised.

Sometimes, in this recognition, something relaxes very slightly.

Not a solution. Not a revelation.

A release.

As if life no longer needed to be carried. As if it could, for a time, be lived without a direction to defend.

This moment leads nowhere. It does not open a new stage.

It is simply there.

And sometimes that is enough.

Nothing to resolve

After exhaustion, there is not necessarily clarity. No answer. No new understanding.

There may be something very simple left: what is there, without comment.

Not all the questions have disappeared. Nor have the fears. Emotions continue to arise.

But they no longer present themselves as problems to be solved.

There is no longer that urgency to understand. No longer that need to make sense of things. No longer that pressure to get somewhere.

What is experienced is experienced.

Life has not become easier. Nor has it become deeper.

It is simply less burdensome.

There is no longer someone in charge of monitoring every inner movement. No longer someone who has to validate what happens. No longer someone who has to succeed in life.

This does not mean that everything is fine. Nor that everything is accepted.

It just means that there is no longer a constant battle against what is.

Thought continues to function. It organises. It anticipates. It remembers.

But it is no longer invested with the mission of saving existence.

It no longer has to solve life.

At this point, there may be an unusual sensation. Neither pleasant nor unpleasant.

A quiet neutrality.

Daily life resumes its ordinary place. Actions are taken. Relationships continue. The unexpected arises.

None of this is idealised.

But nothing is interpreted as a sign that something fundamental needs to be corrected.

There is no longer a quest to pursue. Not because it has been accomplished, but because it no longer makes sense. Seeking is no longer necessary. And not seeking is not a rule.

There is nothing to hold on to.

Nothing to preserve. Nothing to defend.

Even the idea of “letting go” becomes unnecessary.

Life is no longer experienced as a problem to be solved, nor as a mystery to be unravelled.

It simply unfolds.

This may seem poor. Or banal. Or disappointing.

There is no special state to recognise. No peace to measure. No stability to maintain.

What is there is enough at that moment. And if it is no longer enough, that too will be experienced.

Nothing is excluded.

There is nothing to solve because there has never been a central problem.

Only a weariness at carrying something that did not need to be carried.

Seeing this does not change anything. But sometimes it removes an unnecessary burden.

And then, as always,

life goes on.

Afterword

There is nothing to take away from these pages. Nothing to remember. Nothing to put into practice.

If something resonated, there is no need to dwell on it.

If nothing resonated, there is no need to explain it.

This book does not mark a milestone. It does not offer a correct perspective. It does not correct anything.

It simply ends here.

And now, life goes on.

Nothing to resolve

When searching no longer helps

Many people seek to understand, to feel better, to find meaning. And sometimes, this search itself becomes tiring.

This book offers no solution, no path, no accurate perspective. It simply describes that moment when effort no longer responds.

When searching no longer helps, something very simple may remain: what is, without having to resolve it.